

SULLIVAN COUNTY BEARS.

GAME HAIKD TO CAPTURE THEIR CUNNING IN ESCAPING THE HUNTERS.

Harwood Park, N. Y., April 18.—Old settlers say that there are more bears in Sullivan County than there were in any other section of the State. A number of facts make this statement easy to be believed. Long ago the forests thronged with a race of sturdy hunters who shouldered deadly rifles and were kept for the chase. The hills were dotted with the little homes and clearings of woodsmen who made their living with axes, were iron-nerved and clear-eyed, and could shoot true. Tanneries and sawmills giving employment to many men sat by the sides of all the streams. The woods were full of the sounds of axe-blows and the crackling of the saw. Youth and blood went to seek it in the woods. A sturdy race of hunters made terrible war on the game. With the vanishing of the great forests these men disappeared from the face of the earth. Not all men now are hunters. There are those surrounded by the best cover for game who never taste partridge or venison the year round.

When Sullivan County was covered with a growth of heavy forest trees, hunters could see far, for the woods had good trunks and the great trees, was for the deer. Now the huge forest monarchs have gone their ways to the river-beds and the sawmills, and after them have come second-growth and brush, thick as the hair on a dog's back. The game finds excellent croning places in the dense thickets, and escapes the hunter's eye with ease.

Contrary to general belief, the shyest of all the animals which naturally live in these woods is the bear, and not the deer. The hunters of this section of the State are not so much interested in the bear, but a difficult one to get the chance of holding a rifle on a bear as a target. The bear is much keener. If he hears a hunter or hears coming a quarter of a mile away he will immediately get up and dust, and the hunter may not find out that he has been in his vicinity at all. The old bears, however, are not inclined to their own very shy. They grow cunning, and when they are in strength and prowess, and do not always flinch when they are actually shot at. In fact, they are not afraid of being confronted by a man when crossing the road, he would stop and look, with curiosity expressed in his eyes, and maybe snarl and show his teeth if the man made a sudden motion. Having satisfied his curiosity he would quietly move off into the brush, generally leaving the man in a limp state.

The bear makes his bed for the winter in a number of different ways. Sometimes he makes a nest in a hole, crevice or cave, or in a thicket under dead leaves and makes a tangled mass, he crawls in the thickest part. He has also been known to gather great bunches of laurel boughs and pile them in a heap; then climb on top and sleep, letting the snow fall right on him. When the bear is engaged in making his couch he makes a pile of brush six or eight feet in diameter and three or four feet high. He will often strip a young tree so bare of leaf and bough that it looks like a fuzzele, with only a few bare limbs sticking up. In the summer months he will dig a hole in the ground and with his strong claws dig down into the black mud until he has hollowed out a little place which some times fills with a black ooze. Here the bear lies and wallows, through the dead heat of a summer's day in the forest, when not a leaf in the woods stirs and the earth and the animals on it bake and scorch. Batten paths are generally found to lead to each one of these, showing that the bear loves his slimy bays above all things.

He takes care of his cubs, and the same nature in the wild, and he is a very cunning animal. In the winter, showing that the bears stand up on their hind legs and claw down the bark.

In the spring and early summer the bears live on roots and sprouts and tender leaves, together with the grubs and worms which they get by turning over the stones in the valleys. Boulders too heavy for a man to lift are found rolled recklessly about by bears in pursuit of grubs. Of course, when the bears find a bee tree he is a happy and contented animal. In the late summer bee tree is a happy and contented animal. In the late summer bee tree is a happy and contented animal. In the late summer bee tree is a happy and contented animal.

THE SUCCESSION IN BELGIUM.

PRINCE PHILIP OF SAXE-COBURG FAVORED AS HEIR PRESUMPTIVE BY THE KING.

Brussels, April 22.—The regulation of the succession to the throne of Belgium has caused as much trouble and discussion in political circles, recently as the referendum. Among the proposed constitutional changes, none naturally excites more interest in the breast of the King. But His Majesty's plans and wishes have not great approval. It is doubtful whether he will ever see their realization.

The King, as Leopold I, in the event of the absence of direct heirs, has the right to name his successor from collateral male lines, subject to the approval of the House of Representatives. As is well known, His Majesty has no sons, but three daughters—Stéphanie, widow of the Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary; Princess Louise, wife of the Austrian General, Prince Philipp of Saxe-Coburg, and the Princess Clementine, who is still unmarried. According to the constitution, Princesses of the blood and their descendants forever are excluded from the right of succession to the crown. The King's brother, the Duke of Plancher, therefore, is heir to the throne. He is so deaf, however, that he will never exercise his right, and, though he should outlive the King, Prince Albert, the King's only son since the death of his brother, is to be looked upon as the future successor of King Leopold. But the Prince unfortunately is weak physically and doubts are entertained that he will live to wear the Royal Purple.

The wishes of His Majesty, therefore, to have the question of succession settled in his favor, is not a question of desire, but of necessity. His Majesty was desirous of securing a change in the constitution, allowing Princesses of the line to succeed to the throne as in England, Spain and the Netherlands; but his project excited so much opposition that he was obliged to renounce it entirely. He deeply wishes, however, to name the oldest son of Prince Philipp of Saxe-Coburg, his grandson, as heir presumptive to the throne, to succeed as King should Prince Leopold die without issue. The King's brother, the Duke of Plancher, is heir to the throne. He is so deaf, however, that he will never exercise his right, and, though he should outlive the King, Prince Albert, the King's only son since the death of his brother, is to be looked upon as the future successor of King Leopold. But the Prince unfortunately is weak physically and doubts are entertained that he will live to wear the Royal Purple.

MOLTKE'S BELIEF STATED.

HIS RELIGIOUS FAITH AND HIS HOPE OF AN ETERNAL LIFE.

Among the most interesting and important chapters in the last volume of the writings of the late Field Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke, just published in Berlin, is that containing his confession of faith. It is entitled "Consoling Thoughts upon the Life on Earth and Confidence in the Future." It was written in the study and quietude of his family. It was written in the study and quietude of his family. It was written in the study and quietude of his family.

IN SIGHT OF MT. SHASTA.

DESCENDING A VISIT TO THE HORSESHOE BEND OF MCCLLOUD RIVER.

A PARADISE FOR HUNTERS AND ANGLERS—IMPRESSIVE VIEWS OF THE SOLITARY MOUNTAIN—TWENTY-THREE THOUSAND ACRES OF FOREST IN DANGER OF DESTRUCTION.

San Francisco, April 15.—In order to give the reader some idea of the streams, the game and the general scenic features dependent upon the preservation of the Shasta forests, we visited one of the merriest and gamiest of the California streams, the McCloud River. Starting from San Francisco, the trail will take him over the coast some evening, the trail will take him over the coast some evening, the trail will take him over the coast some evening.

THE SEVEN SIMPLETONS.

FROM THE ALABAMA PIONEER.

One of Danah's favorite stories is the following ingenious legend:

Seven simpletons were going along a road. And behind them came a big puddle of rainwater which lay still and motionless. They could see the clouds reflected far below, and wisely concluded that the puddle was very deep. They went on, and the puddle was very deep. They went on, and the puddle was very deep.

GUARDING A HISTORIC DOCUMENT.

WASHINGTON LETTER TO THE MILWAUKEE EVENING WISCONSIN.

In one of the corridors of the Senate wing of the Capitol in Washington, on the granite pedestal in an inscription which reads: "He wrote this name where all nations should behold it, and all time shall not efface it."

It is a name which refers to the revolutionary patriot whose bold chronicle appears conspicuously on the Declaration of Independence. It is the name of John Hancock.